Princess Pat's "Betrothal," page 1434.

Modern Life

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AS SHE SEES HERSELF.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

The Privacy of Royalty—and Princess Pat.

We have recently seen that the King's palace is not impregnable against attack any more than it was in the days of "Boy Jones." Not only has a suffragette got in at the front door, and penetrated to the very presence of Their Majesties, but a silly fellow has managed to manoeuvre those terrific spikes on the wall around Buckingham Palace, and wander calmly from room to room of the servants' quarters. For all these acts there is punishment at the hands of the law—should His Majesty care to avail himself of it. But there is another kind of privacy than that which is precariously secured by uniformed sentries, and spiked walls. It is the privacy which should surround the amenities of Their Majesties' thoughts and deeds, and those of the rest of the Royal Family. That privacy used to be admirably secured by the respect of the people. But of late a section of the Press has refused to bow to the ordinary dictates of good taste, and one paper in particular weekly perpetrates the most glaring untruths about Royalty without a blush! The latest specimen has been so bad that Royalty for once has had to deny the story. This is the denial of the Duke of Connaught that his daughter, Princess Patricia, is engaged to be married to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. And thereby hangs a story which has not so far been told to the public, and which it is time *was* told.

* * *

Why the Connaughts Always Avoid the Prussians.

The Duchess of Connaught is a German princess, who, almost from the hour of her marriage, has been at loggerheads with her relations in Berlin. The Duchess of Connaught's father was that "Red Prince," Leopold of Prussia, who was the actual, though unconscious, cause of the Franco-Prussian war, and owing to her uncle's morganatic marriage with Countess Rosalie von Hohenau, and other matters too long to detail here, the Connaughts and the Hohenzollerns have not been "on" speaking terms" for many years. The Duke never goes to Berlin; the Duchess has not re-visited her native land for decades, and no Germans were invited to Prince Arthur's wedding, or sent him presents.

* * *

Amongst the German families who are on the Hohenzollern side in this little matter are the Mecklenburg-Schwerins, one of whom is next German Empress, being wife to the Kaiser's heir. In London the Connaughts never go out of their way to be civil to any Germans who may be visiting us; and up till now none of the Connaughts has ever called upon King Manoel and his German wife at Fulwell Park, although it is not the Sigmaringen Hohenzollerns with whom the Connaughts are at loggerheads

* * *

How the Absurd "Betrothal" Story Began.

In this position, now for the first time clearly adumbrated, it would seem that the last betrothal likely to be announced would be that of our very English "Princess Pat," and a German Prince. That such an event will ever happen is less likely now than it ever was, as Princess Pat has only grown more determined not to leave "Old England" than she was as a girl. However that may be, she has been so popular in this country that a little curiosity about her matrimonial intentions may be pardoned those who get their living by tintinnabulating about Royalty. Hence some ten years ago, when Princess Pat's eighteenth birthday afforded the first opportunity of providing her with a bridegroom, some absurd twaddler decided that an eligible Prince existed in the heir of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and put it down in print!

* * *

The Duke of Connaught Confirms "Modern Life's" Denial.

It will scarcely be credited that that silly story has continued to go the round of the "Society" Press ever since. Months ago *Modern Life* absolutely denied that there had ever been the remotest intention on the part of Princess Pat of marrying the Strelitzer, or any other German. But so long as Princess Pat remains unmarried, she and the Strelitzer will always be good enough for a paragraph whenever there is a space in the society papers which requires filling. That the latest paper to trot out this stale old story is the *London Mail* will, of course, surprise nobody.

What, however, will surprise everybody is that, owing to ignorance, some benighted Canadian reporter in London, seeing the *London Mail's* statement, took it for gospel and cabled it out to the papers in Ottawa. The story being reiterated again in Canada, as coming from London, has given the Connaughts serious annoyance, and for the first time in ten years the Duke of Connaught has been compelled to authorise a flat contradiction of his daughter's engagement to the Strelitzer. As we said before, it is time there was some definite punishment for those who wantonly invade the sanctity of the privacy of Royalty, just as surely as there is direct punishment for those who climb the Palace walls.

* * *

When the Duke Comes Home.

There is no truth whatever in the statement of the same paper that the Duke of Connaught is to be the first Irish Viceroy under Home Rule. We have already contradicted this statement, which first appeared in the *Liverpool Post*, some months ago. A well-known Colonel of Royal Artillery informs me that it is confidently expected that when the Duke returns from Canada in October he will be provided with the headship of the Army. He has occupied that anomalous position before, when he was made first Inspector-General of the Forces after the abolition of the Commander-in-Chiefship.

Will the Duke Succeed Kitchener in Egypt?

Whether His Royal Highness will accept the post is doubtful, however. He will not, like the late Earl of Minto, leave Canada only to return to vice-regal duties in India. It is by no means improbable that the Duke will prefer to succeed Lord Kitchener in Egypt. Princess Pat, for one, would certainly be with her father in this matter, for she is well known in Cairo, and would be the pet of society there. The Duchess's health, too, would not be likely to suffer by the Egyptian climate, and the Connaughts would provide no end of *eclat* to the Egyptian forces.

* * *

Royalty and the Ascot Cups.

What with the Silly Suffs and the racecourse crooks the times are trying ones for a good many people. I hear that Messrs. Garrards, for instance, are in an awful funk about the Ascot cups. The mystery of the Gold Cup that was stolen a few years back has never been cleared up, and when the well-known Court jewellers took the three Ascot cups down to Buckingham Palace one day last week for His Majesty's inspection, one of the directors said he could not eat his lunch till they were safely back in the safe. There happened to be a lot of Salvationists about the Palace that morning, too, and you never know what guise a crook may assume nowadays, when he has his eye upon cups worth hundreds of pounds. The three cups submitted to the King were His Majesty's Gold Cup, the Royal Hunt Cup, and the Ascot Gold Cup, and Messrs. Garrards went into the audience with General Booth and one of his officers. At the moment we are informed the cups are "all right!" But there will be some perspiration over them before they are finally handed over to their winners.

* * *

Leeds's Duchess at the State Ball.

In spite of Mr. Lloyd George's caustics about our British Dukes they are an eminently respectable lot, and they all were invited to the State Ball at the Palace, except the two invalids—St. Albans and Leinster, who go nowhere. The Duke of Leinster's brother, Lord Desmond FitzGerald, was there, and so was His Grace of St. Albans's nimble step-mother. The Duchess of Leeds, who is not fond of society, on this occasion did herself excellently well, and looked magnificent in a wonderful shimmer of gold, with an underskirt of cloth of gold, with gold paillettes draped over it, closely embroidered on gold net. Her Grace's corsage was of soft tulle, over which was deftly arranged gold and silver lace. The Duchess has, of course, two eligible daughters to chaperone, but their "chances" are not a trifle embarrassed by Her Grace's exclusiveness.

* * *

The "Noble 63" Forgotten at the State Ball.

Mr. Asquith's noble sixty-three were conspicuous by their absence. Our readers know quite well what King George thinks of them! Mrs. Asquith, however, saw to it that her brother, Lord Glenconner, was invited, and he and Lord Shaw of Dunfermline were the only unofficial members of the new Radical nobility who received invitations. All the Marquises, except old Lord Abergavenny and Lord Hertford, were invited, and Daisy Markham's marquess was on duty as Silver Stick Adjutant-in-Waiting, an appointment which he has recently been given on the recommendation of Prince Arthur.

IMAGINARY SCENE AT THE ACADEMY.

Mr. T. Dauber Ponks (obscure artist), who hopes thereby to come into the limelight, shows Miss Dotty Smashum (militant) the exact position of his picture.

"The man who wins my daughter, sir, gains a prize."
"It's an awfully good idea. Is it—er—a cash prize, or just a silver pot?"

A striking figure was that popular laird, The Mackintosh, in all the glory of his Hie'lan' war paint, whose lady was not less resplendent in one of the new all-over embroideries in iridescent paillettes, so sewn as to form a moiré effect in all these pale and fascinating glittering hues, while silver lace and silver roses covered her corsage. The Mackintosh and his wife are to be visited this autumn, so I hear, by their Majesties at Moy Hall, when there will be a ball and lots of sport.

* * *

Princess Arthur's Baby.

They are taking no end of care of Princess Arthur of Connaught. Should the child prove to be a boy Princess Arthur wants it to be known as the Marquess of Macduff, that being the title of an heir to the Fife Dukedom. It will, in due course, become third Duke of Connaught, and as it will not be born a Royal Highness, but only in the rank of a Peer, being fourth in descent from a British Sovereign, Princess Arthur wishes the child to perpetuate during its minority the Fife honours, which have now ceased to figure since Her Royal Highness's marriage to Prince Arthur of Connaught. If it is a girl, it will still be heir to the Fife dukedom, that title having been re-created, with special remainder to females, when it was seen that the Princess Royal was never likely to have a son.

* * *

Royal Lover Who Can't Wait.

The late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was almost unknown in this country, in spite of his being the son of an English princess, who is still living in Neu Strelitz, the last link with old Georgian Royalties. The new Grand Duke, however, is extremely well known in London (*and* Cowes!), and is that flighty young German prince who all last season enjoyed the intimate hospitality of King George and Queen Mary at Buckingham Palace, being, as it was quite clearly realised, a potential suitor for the hand of Princess Mary, if that young lady manifested any affection for His Royal and Grand Ducal Highness.

* * *

Queen Mary personally had no objection to the match, if it had met with the entire approval of her daughter, who, however, like her brother the Prince of Wales, is a trifle backward at Life's little mysteries, and up till now has no more idea of "love" than a child. Hence, perhaps, the young Grand Duke's goings-on in the Solent and at Oban, and the subsequent impatience of Queen Mary, who has no sympathy with a lover who can't wait!

* * *

Queen Mary and the Strelitzer Family.

The Strelitzer, after the wigging he got when Queen Mary called him aboard the Royal Yacht at Cowes, last July, to account for his behaviour on Baron De Goldschmidt-Rothschild's craft, returned to Germany, and has not since been seen in London. However, Queen Mary took her daughter over to Strelitz last year, in order that Princess Mary might be favourably impressed with the charms of Strelitz, and, truth to tell, they are many. The Strelitz family are immensely rich; their hunting possibilities are such as the King of England cannot boast of, and Queen Mary has always been upon the most affectionate terms with her aunt, the old Dowager Grand Duchess, who went to live in Strelitz over seventy years ago, and is still going strong.

* * *

The Strelitz family are, of course, very Royal, and equal to the Tsar or our own Geor[illegible] of birth. Neu Strelitz, as all at [illegible] would have been a bountiful destin[illegible]

Mary, and it is said in the entourage that it was with the idea of fitting the King's daughter for a quiet and uneventful life in simple Neu Strelitz that Queen Mary has been so careful to keep her daughter uninfected with the modern precocious characteristics and chocolate chewing vices of the modern flapper.

* * *

No Royal Mourning for the late Grand Duke, and Why.

Many people are wondering why there is to be no Royal mourning for such a near relation of the Queen, but in this country the relationship has got to be on the King's side for mourning to follow a demise. The relationship of the late Grand Duke to our own Royalties has been a puzzle to some of the scribes, in spite of its simplicity. The *Daily Express*, for instance, maintained its reputation for inaccuracy. It described the late Grand Duke as "Queen Mary's only first cousin, and her only near relation after her brothers." Queen Mary has, however, two first cousins in this country—Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge, and Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, the sons of her mother's brother, the late Duke of Cambridge. The *Daily Express* says that "following the precedent of Princess Mary of Hanover, who also died just before Ascot, there will be no Royal mourning by the English Royal Family." This of course is nonsense. Royal mourning is not regulated by the imminence of Ascot, or any other function. There was no Royal mourning for Princess Mary of Hanover because she was too distantly related to our Royalties, being only connected with them through her descent from George III.

* * *

Baronet's Romantic Family.

The funny things that go on in society without anybody being the wiser have had some curious illustrations lately—some public, some not! There is the case, for instance, of the elopement of Sir Wroth Lethbridge's daughter and Mr. George Summerley Carmichael Cole, of the Indian Police, and even *that* came near to be hidden entirely, for the Judge was willing to hear the case in camera only that Mr. Cole wanted the story made public in his own and the girl's interest. Hence the Romance of Lovers' Walk, Dumfries. But this incident in the annals of the Lethbridges reminds me that they always were a romantic lot, and perhaps the surroundings in which they are environed have something to do with their temperament. Sir Wroth, like so many other country folk who are only just well enough off to keep up their position under normal circumstances, has been badly hit by Lloyd George, so he is selling up at Sandhill Park, his place in Taunton Vale.

* * *

Three Hundred Year Old Dispute Settled in 1914.

The Lethbridges are a family of great antiquity in the West Countrie, though for centuries they were settled in Devon. Old Parson Lethbridge was turned out of his family living at Ashprington three hundred years ago as "a malignant Royalist"! It was his son who is putting so much money into the hands of the Peerage lawyers in 1914. The old parson's son married, in 1681, Mary Bouchier, and transmitted to her heirs (though they don't seem to have been much concerned about it) the right to the FitzWarine peerage. Hence all the trouble that has arisen in recent times, and which terminated in March last, in the final decision that the FitzWarine barony is in abeyance and at His Majesty's disposal. At the moment, efforts are, I am informed, being made to get the King to determine the abeyance in favour of Lord Gage.

He: "Suppose I was to fall over that cliff and break my legs—would you still love me?"
She: "You just try me!"

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

WILL THE CENSOR PASS "GHOSTS"?

The rumour that another application is being made to the Censor for a licence to perform Ibsen's famous play, "Ghosts," has caused me to read again this great masterpiece, with the object of seeing if I could find out, after the lapse of years, what all the bother has been about regarding a play, the further performance of which has been refused for so many years. And I have come to the conclusion, after a further perusal, that if the Censor still refuses to license the performance of this play, he deserves with all rapidity to be ignominiously ejected from his office, so that room may be made for someone with up-to-date and modern views regarding the drama. The play is on an exceedingly unpleasant subject, in which respect it is like life, which, when analysed, is an exceedingly unpleasant thing. But it is written with all the wonderful dramatic insight and reserve of power of which Ibsen was such a master, and there is not one line in it that could possibly be objected to, were it not for the fact that here in England we are so steeped in the remnants of melodramatic unreality and romance on the stage that we can hardly endure a slice of life to be put upon the boards at all. That is all that is the matter with "Ghosts." It is life, and not sham. It is truth, and not make-believe. It is art, and not whitewashing. It is Ibsen, and not George R. Sims. I can find nothing else the matter with it, and so I should like, reader, to put a short account of the play before you, so that you may use your influence as a unit of public opinion to stop the scandal by which one of the greatest works of one of the masters of dramatic art is kept from our stage in the interests of what is called "propriety," but what I prefer to call a shameful and perverted hypocrisy unworthy of people with any pretence to brains at the stage of culture which we are supposed to have reached at the beginning of the twentieth century.

"Ghosts" is what is called a family drama in three acts, and the action takes place in the country house of a Mrs. Alving, in Western Norway. Mrs. Alving, a well-to-do Norwegian lady, has living with her a servant, Regina. Mrs. Alving is the widow of Captain Alving, a man who lived a dissolute and diseased life, and the object of Ibsen in the play is to show that no matter what poor humans may do, the "ghosts" of evil live always and for ever walk the purlieus of the mundane habitations where the bearers of those lives lived in the flesh. This seems to me a very excellent and useful truth to teach, but it is the very dramatic and realistic delineation of this truth on the stage that has so far been so strongly objected to by the custodians of the "morals" of the English stage, and has hitherto prevented the English public from seeing Ibsen's masterpiece. The other characters in the play are a village carpenter and Pastor Manders, the good Parson of the Alving family, and the friend and confidant of Mrs. Alving in all her troubles and secrecies regarding the life of her dead husband, and Mrs. Alving's young son Oswald, who at the opening of the play is away in Paris, whither he has been sent by Mrs. Alving to keep him away from the knowledge of his father's dissolute life at home. Those are all the characters, six only in all, if we include the dead Captain Alving, as we are bound in a way to do, for it is the discussion of his life and its results on the characters that is the burden of the drama. "Ghosts," indeed, is hardly a play in the common dramatic sense of the word—it is a psychological discussion of the tragic influence of one man's memory and blood upon the relatives he has left behind.

In the first act we learn that Regina, the maid-servant, is in reality the illegitimate daughter of Captain Alving and the woman who married Engstrand, the village carpenter, aforesaid, and that Engstrand is not, as supposed, her father at all. We also learn that Mrs. Alving has just erected a fine public orphanage in the village in memory of the good name of her dead husband, and with the object of keeping up the public fiction that he was a good man. Pastor Manders alone is aware of the fact that he lived a peculiarly dissolute life, and he is just about to preside at the opening ceremony of the orphanage. During Captain Alving's life, and after his death, his wife's one object was to shield his wretched character from the public gaze, and from the gaze of her son Oswald. But Oswald comes home from Paris, where from his seventh year he had been kept away from the presence and memory of his father. And then, at the end of Act I., we get the walking of the first "ghost." The very first thing Oswald does is to attempt to seduce Regina, who is, of course, although illegitimate, his half-sister. And this is the way Ibsen closes the act. Mrs. Alving and Pastor Manders are talking together, when in the next room they hear the noise of a chair overturned. Then:—

Regina (sharply, but whispering): Oswald! take care; Are you mad. Let me go!

Mrs. Alving (starts in terror): Ah! (She stares wildly towards the half-opened door. Oswald is heard coughing and humming. A bottle is uncorked.)

Pastor Manders (excited): What in the world is the matter? What is it, Mrs. Alving?

Mrs. Alving (hoarsely): Ghosts! The couple from the conservatory—risen again.

The couple that have "risen" to her memory, of course, are Captain Alving and Regina's mother.

The burden of the second act is that the orphanage, built with such hopeful ideas, and which they have refused to insure, trusting in God to protect it from all harm, is dramatically burnt to the ground, just as it is about to be opened. Another "ghost" walking, to the terror of Mrs. Alving, and the Pastor!

In the third act Regina, taking after her father, Captain Alving, goes away to have a good time in life, and presumably to live and die in a dissolute way, as he did. Another "ghost!" And then the act closes with a long and intense scene, in which Oswald tells his mother that the horrors of madness have been creeping on him for a long time, that a Paris doctor warned him of his terrible destiny, and begs his mother to give him, when the worst comes to the worst, some morphia pills, which he produces from his pocket. This is one of the most tense scenes in all dramatic literature. "I never asked you for life," says Oswald to his terror-stricken mother, "and what sort of a life have you given me? I won't have it, you shall take it back again." But Oswald's "ghost," or rather the ghost of his father, walks once more to the total destruction of his mind, and on this final scene the curtain falls.

Jonathan Grub Strete.

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "RIVER" NUMBER.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

If the German Crown Prince has made up his mind to enter a horse for the Derby?

* * *

Why do they call two crack regiments the Linseed Lancers and the 15th Oozers respectively?

* * *

If Miss Eva Moore, the actress, and Miss Mary Blomfield, the debutante who caused such a disturbance at a recent Court, have become close friends—"drawn together by the interests of a common cause?"

* *

If Mrs. Julia Frankau (Frank Danby) is utilising her convalescence at Pinewood in writing a play dealing with the suffrage question?

* *

If the dispute between Lord Dalmeny and the taxi-driver was anything but dignified?

* *

Why the much-advertised "ladies of fashion" failed, after all, to turn up at the swimming contest?

* *

How the two sons of the well-known evangelist are enjoying their incognito visit to London?

* *

What her Ladyship has done with the ear-ring which she discovered in the case of his Lordship's field-glasses, and if she has any suspicions as to who was the original owner?

* *

If the Lotus Club has been taken over by Mr. Alfred Butt and Mr. Walter de Frece, and if the former doesn't seem to have developed a perfect fever for "acquiring" things?

* *

If the well-known actress did not experience a decidedly uncomfortable quarter of an hour when her two "husbands" chanced to meet at her flat in Maida Vale, and if one of them is still wondering why he was introduced to the other as "my manager, don't you know"?

* * *

Who started the absurd story that that great gentleman and soldier, General Sir Francis Reginald Wingate, contemplates retirement from the Sirdarship and Governor-Generalship of the Soudan?

He: "What! You've betted with old Welsher? Why that old rogue never pays."
She: "Oh, well, I made him give me longer odds than the others are giving."

If the Prince of Wales felt flattered when he overheard the old lady at Lambeth remark that "'e was the very spit of 'er 'Enery"?

* * *

If it was not very foolish of the police to make known the various methods which they employed to protect the stands at Ascot from suffragette attacks?

* * *

If a number of ladies are bemoaning the fact that they gave their Ascot dresses a "trial outing" on the Sunday preceding the races?

* *

Who is the society lady who has started the "Boxing At Home" craze, and if it is likely to "catch on" to any extent?

* *

If the manager of the Palace Theatre is not feeling very pleased with himself over the extremely cordial congratulations of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who took a party of friends to witness "The Passing Show" the other evening?

* *

If the "Cinema Balls" at Prince's are likely to become as popular as the now defunct "Tango Teas"?

* *

If the suffragettes' handiwork is by any means the only outrage at the Academy this year?

* *

Why a comparatively well-known Fleet Street journalist is at present filling the rôle of butler at a certain house in South Audley Street?

* *

If Kodak will succeed in "snapping" a race at no very future date?

* * *

Who called Bernard Shaw "That poor desolating fruitarian"?

* * *

If Mr. Oscar Asche's little quarrel with the West End Managers' Association is not very amusing?

* * *

For how many more months Archie Maclaren's book of "Cricket Reminiscences," price one guinea, is going to be announced as "in the press"?

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "RIVER" NUMBER.

MORE OR LESS.

Liberty or Liberties.

What a lot of fuss people make when a woman goes off the rails and is found out. Just like a train accident, nobody cares what pace you go till you happen to get smashed up. Then everybody gets busy for five minutes, after which nobody cares a brass farthing what is happening to all the other women and trains—whether they are on the rails or off. As a matter of fact, I don't see why a woman shouldn't be allowed her own private life, in the same way as a man is his. If a man has a good time he is called a sportsman, but you can bet anything you like that whenever he calls a woman a sport, it is because he wants her to do something unsportsmanlike; at least, something the world would label "out of bounds." It doesn't seem fair to me. I don't wont the vote, or trousers, or a moustache, or anything like that, but I do think every woman should have beside the big front door of Convention all her relation ring at, when they come to call, her own little back-door for her private friends. If every liberty does imply a man—very well then—doesn't a man's imply liberties?

* * *

Wind Bells and Imagination.

I have a new acquisition that pleases me very much. Perhaps you would think it a silly thing to be pleased with—just a few scraps of painted glass strung loosely together. It is called a Japanese wind bell, and if you hang it in a draught it tinkles in the most delightful way. With a little imagination—and I hope everybody has that; life without imagination would be as deadly as elderly lamb without mint sauce—you can convert the glassy tinkle into the sad little twang of a samisan played by a brown Jap maiden, or the soft splash, splash of a fountain full of goldfish in a rice-paper tea-house. These wind bells are very popular down the street where I live. They tinkle tunefully at almost every window. When you go by in the dusk, and all the little glass hands clap softly together in the June wind, the roar of London in the main road seems suddenly very far away, and, again with a little imagination, you are transported into far away Nippon. Why, I swear, the other night I smelt cherry blossom. I wouldn't part with my imagination for anything. It is better than absinthe or dreams of the real thing—and far safer, although, of course, if you take it in large quantities, you must dilute it with a little common sense.

* * *

Gods and French Leave.

Far too many women nowadays fly to drugs or drink as a relief from boredom of man, or even life. I think myself Bacchus and Morpheus are silly gods to invoke—foolish, flushed creatures of the night, with sleepy eyes and stumbling feet. Green gods at night give you blue devils in the morning. No, however many times she disappointed me, I would still cling to Venus, and worry the life out of her till she gave me what I wanted—a partnership with her son Cupid. If you worry a woman long enough for anything, she always gives in. She is like the walls of Jericho, on the ninth day she yields. Not that Cupid has much to boast of in the way of stability. But anyway, you don't meet him at night clubs or shady places like that. That pink complexion of his would soon acquire a yellowish tinge if you did. Love as a tea rose is unthinkable, he must always be just the reddest thing there is. I don't know, I'm sure, why crimson should always denote official love and purple the other thing. Blue would somehow seem the more appropriate colour—true blue for legal love, and dark blue for dark love. Still, I don't quite think Cupid would feel at home with a wreath of forget-me-nots instead of the stereotyped roses. One half of love is forgetting what the other half does. If you ask me, Cupid's favourite flower is a leaf—French leave.

* * *

Abbreviations.

Skirts are to be very, very short in the near future. Even the matrons are to look like good little girls before their promotion to the hair-up and skirts down stage. I have seen one of the new—well, I suppose it was a skirt—what there was of it. It looked rather like a child's petticoat to me. Our grandmothers used to be fond of referring to their ultra-smart raiment as their "best bib and tucker," and this would really be a good name for the new kind of frock. The bib could be the bodice, and the tucker the—er—skirt. What I should really like to see would be some Court function attended by all the Society matrons in abbreviations and feathers—and Queen Mary's face!

Louise Heilgers.

"Golly! That's the smallest funeral I ever seed."

TESTS FOR TRAGEDIANS.

Professor Max Reinhardt says that actors as a body are much more intelligent than they were some twenty years ago, and he thinks that this same intelligence is by far the most important asset of the tragedian. We quite agree with him, but go further, and say that no man should be allowed to become an actor until he has proved his intelligence to a board composed of our principal London actor-managers. (We mention no names for fear of arousing jealousy.) Towards this end we suggest an annual examination paper in general knowledge for actors, and append a specimen paper below:—

GEOGRAPHY (1 mark allowed).

(1) Draw a plan of Bedford Street, marking the exact position of the "Bodega."

(2) What is a No. 1 Tour? Sketch a map of the British Isles, indicating by a cross the scenes of your former triumphs. (These must be limited to one hundred places.)

(3) State how you usually get from Kennington to the "Bodega." (No marks will be given if the answer takes the form of "walk.")

ARITHMETIC (85 marks allowed).

(1) What is meant by "Raising the Wind"? And what connection has this with arithmetic?

(2) Show exactly why it is that when spending only £10 per week, you are out of pocket on a £6 contract.

(3) What is a "Ghost"? Do you believe in them? Describe your sensations when you first saw one walk. What relation, if any, exists between "ghosts" and arithmetic?

ORAL EXAMINATION (1 mark allowed).

Explain with appropriate gestures and vocal accompaniment what you would say and do under the following circumstances:—

(a) If as Hamlet you tripped over your sword and fell in the orchestra. In this event do you honestly think that Mrs. Patrick Campbell could make out a clear case of plagiarism against you for using the Shaw word.

(b) If a bouquet is handed up from the stalls.

(c) If one were flying from the gallery.

ENGLISH LITERATURE (1 mark allowed).

(1) What is the origin of the riddle "What's yours?" Give the answer.

(2) Explain fully the meaning of "bird" and "gods." Is a bird from the gods anything in the nature of a dove of peace? Describe four species of this bird. Can they be trained?

(3) What is the real meaning of the word "laddie," and why should the purse be gripped tightly at its sound?

(4) What did the following poets mean when they wrote:—

(a) "And drown him in his watery bier" (Milton)?

(b) "These precious drops" (Shakespeare)?

SINGING AND DANCING (1 mark allowed).

(1) Who is Mr. George Dance? And does he? Why does he, and when?

GENERAL INFORMATION AND FOOD VALUES (11 marks allowed).

(1) What is the best staminal food during rehearsals, and why is Red Seal considered better than the other brands?

Waiter: "What can I get you, Sir?"
Professor (absently reading bill of fare): "I'm busy now. Ask me after dinner."

(2) How many teeth has Phyllis Dare? How do you know?

(3) Name the actor who places his trousers under the mattress over night. And why has he omitted to do this during the past few weeks?

(4) Write a short essay (not more than 1,000 words) proving that you have taught at least one great actor all that he knows, and give four quotations from Shakespeare on "ingratitude."

M. L.

The old "salt" sat at the pier-head smoking, but began to get restless as he watched three small urchins scrambling about and looking every moment as if one or other of them would fall over the edge into the sea. At last he could stand it no longer and getting up soundly cuffed them all round and chased them off the pier. On his return to his old position he seemed to feel that some explanation was due to a stranger who had been looking on. "It isn't as if it was anything to me," he explained impressively. "I don't care whether they falls in and drowns theirselves, or whether they don't. But what takes me and makes me fidgety is this 'ere blessed uncertainty. It fair gets on my nerves."

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "RIVER" NUMBER.

BY THE WAY.

Lady Randolph Churchill, like Mrs. Temple Thurston, is fond of making "high politics" the pivot of her literary work, and in her play "The Bill," two "right honourables," and one "honourable," enact leading rôles. Lady Randolph has always cherished a taste for writing, and her conduct of the "Anglo-Saxon Review" some years ago is not forgotten. In "The Bill," by the way, the titled authoress is served by a superb star cast. There are Fred Kerr—always at his best and driest in a political play—Lady Tree, Arthur Whitby, Marie Doro, and Phil Cunningham, who in "real life" is a brother of Mr. William Boosey, the music publisher.

* * *

I hear that the Hon. G. J. A. M. Mulholland, brother of last year's Cambridge captain, has "got the job" of private secretary to Sir Henry Galway, D.S.O., the new Governor of South Australia. If inches go for anything, he ought to do very well at cricket in the Commonwealth, for like his brother he is an enormously tall chap—6ft. 6in., or only half an inch shorter than George Bonnor was. He was in the Eton eleven of 1911, but didn't get his Blue at Cambridge. Lord Dunleath, the father of the Mulholland "bhoys," has ever been a keen sportsman in his native "island of Ireland," and was M.P. for North Londonderry from '85 to '95. He married a granddaughter of the third Lord Bangor.

* * *

Much sympathy is being expressed for the family of Lord Lyveden in the tragic death, while motoring, of his kinsman, Mr. Guy Vernon, a six weeks' bridegroom. The circumstances are, in fact, particularly poignant. Lord Lyveden enjoys a wide popularity for his geniality and *bonhomie*. He is still sufficiently a bohemian to keep up his membership of the Green Room Club, having been an actor (and lots of other things) years ago. Now, however, he affects the National Liberal, commonly known as the "burglars' rest," for he is a good Radical, who conscientiously votes every time with the "select minority" of the Peers who favour Home Rule.

* * *

"I've seen the 'arem," will probably be the title of the "potted" version of that old favourite, "Morocco Bound," which is to be seen on the variety stage on August Bank Holiday. Only eight of the leading characters are to be retained, these including Spoofah Bey, the Grand Vizier, Lord Percy Pimpleton, Josiah, Maud, and Ethel Sportington. In the long ago, of course, "Morocco" was interpreted by a cast that included Letty Lind, J. L. Shine, Charles Danby, Colin Coop, and Geo. Grossmith, jun. Nearly all gone, alas!

* * *

The death of "Carbine" has removed by far the greatest racehorse ever bred in our Australasian colonies. After having won every race that it was possible for him to win "down-under," Carbine was bought by the Duke of Portland for 13,000 guineas. The scene at the horse's departure from Melbourne was extraordinary, the entire population crowding down to the quay to see the last of "Old Jack." He was shy of going on board till his favourite groom stepped on the gangway, when Carbine followed him like a lamb. He got ill *en voyage* and had to be operated on, and that devoted man let Carbine, in his agony, take a bite out of his arm!

* * *

Like that of the Home Secretary, the lot of the selector is not exactly a happy one. Nevertheless, we must think that Mr. C. B. Fry and his coadjutors could have made a better choice of the eleven of the "Rest" to do battle in the Lord's Centenary match being played while this issue is on sale. Fancy an England Eleven minus Spooner, Jessop, and Frank Foster! And, by the irony of circumstance, two giants of the game like Stanley Jackson and Archie Maclaren were playing at Lord's only the day before in the small match of Old Harrovians v. Old Etonians.

* * *

At Christie's recently the hammer went down on a number of horseshoes, once the property of famous equines of the Turf. Christie's, like Caesar's wife, is above suspicion, but where really is the proof of

Pretty Polly: "I'm getting awfully tired of nuts. Can't you offer me anything else?"

genuineness? Shoes of a certain size and make have pretty much the same appearance. The matter recalls the hoofs of Nancy, a famous Chester Cup winner. If one counted the number of these Nancy relics doing duty as snuff-boxes in Yorkshire taverns, one comes to the conclusion that the mare was so abundantly equipped with legs—a hundred or so—that her triumph was predrained.

* * *

We read that Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant have "arranged with Mr. David Devant to appear at St. George's Hall matinees." There is a Gilbertian flavour about the item. The mind can picture Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant "arranging" things where Mr. Devant could not hear them. If this mirthful method catches on, some such announcement as this may be expected. "Sir Herbert Tree has entered into negotiations with Sir Herbert Tree for the latter's appearance in a revival of 'Hamlet' at His Majesty's."

* * *

The Footlights Dramatic Club of Cambridge, which gave "Was it a Lobster?" at the Queen's Theatre on Friday, for the benefit of the National Institute for the Blind, is now an old established 'Varsity club, perhaps thirty years old, yet not by a long way so old as the premier Cambridge Club, the A.D.C. The latter, indeed, still "looks down" on its younger rival, but nothing to the extent it did when the Footlights was first founded. At that time a Footlights man was looked upon at the 'Varsity as quite an inferior sort of amateur actor, such a reverence for age had, and have, the two old Universities. Yet the Footlights, right from the first, turned out some sterling young actors who afterwards went into the profession. Eugene Mayeur, now pretty well known in London, was one of them. H. Nye Chart, now a leading actor in New York, and son of the famous Mrs. Nye Chart, of the Brighton Theatre Royal, was another. The Footlights was always after real talent, and not so much after wealthy and pedigreed "bloods" as the A.D.C., of which Rudy Lehmann, now of "Punch," etc., used to be a shining light. The famous tutor and author, [illegible] Armstrong, now living in retirement at Bexhill, was for long years president of the Footlights in its early days, and has doubtless been delighted to see the old club to the fore in London on behalf of such a splendid charity.

* * *

Father Bernard Vaughan and "Father" Bernard Shaw were "out" making epigrams last week, and it can't be said that G.B.S. shines by the comparison. For whereas the pillar of the Society of Jesus hazarded the perfectly true assertion that "any fool can be respectable—but virtuous the wise only," G.B.S. could only produce the following "gem" in the way of an irresponsible twisting of words: "Death is for many of us the gate of Hell; but we are inside on the way out, not outside on the way in."

* * *

"I wish I had gone to Canada twenty-five years ago, instead of wasting the time in the House of Commons," says Mr. D. A. Thomas. There will be nothing enigmatical about this if you bear in mind that Mr. Thomas is a very able man, who expected to become a Cabinet Minister, and didn't.

* * *

It is very sad that such a brilliant actor as Mr. Laurence Irving should have been blotted out in his prime, and it is sadder still to think that, if he had lived, before the year had dwindled out he would have completed a work upon which he had been engaged for many years past. This was a biography of his father, towards which he had gathered with much labour an enormous amount of original material. He often spoke of his work, and latterly his brother collaborated with him, so that after all the book will probably meet the eyes of the public.

* * *

The oracle of "L'Echo des Sports" rumbles forth weighty words on the approaching Gunboat Smith-Carpentier fight. We give a literal translation of a couple of sentences. "Georges will be giving no less than 18st. 6lbs. to his formidable opponent. But Descamps doesn't mind, for as he says Gang-bo-hat (sic) can come at a ton if he likes." We would advise that oracle to buy a book of tables, which shows the student how to convert kilos into lbs., otherwise we don't know what to say of Carpentier's chances; 18st. 6lbs. is rather a lot to give away.

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "RIVER" NUMBER.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Recent revelations seem to show that cutting a golf ball is more dangerous than slicing one.

* * *

The split infinitive is again worrying the highbrow grammarians. How about the indicative mood of the split skirt?

* * *

A correspondent writes to a morning paper to say that he often finds himself in need of new words. Why doesn't he join a golf club?

* * *

Mr. F. S. Tritton: "At present it is impossible to get mud in any respectable town." Except when a political meeting is in progress.

* * *

We read that the trouble of the uninvited guest is reviving with the season. As well as the troubles with the *accidentally* uninvited guest.

* * *

"Gowns at last night's State Ball" was a daily's headline. What a relief! The foolish rumour had got round that gowns would not be worn at all.

* * *

At the Albert Hall Peace Pageant Mrs. Morton, in clinging robes of shimmering silver, posed as Cashmere. The majority of the ladies represented Merecash.

* * *

We hear that the *Globe* has changed hands again. Another one of Mr. Mallaby Deeley's little deals, we suppose. He always did seem to have a hankering after land.

* * *

"American women are clothes mad," says Mrs. Burdette, "let us throw off this madness." This carried to any further lengths might lead to a display of bad form.

* * *

A military bandmaster at Khartoum, ordered to pay £50 for breach, addressed his whilom fiancée as "Three Feet Nothing." Now he can foot Three Feet Nothing's account.

* * *

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is contemptuously spoken of as "a bonnet for the Government." It is to be hoped that there isn't a bee in the bonnet. At all events it is a stinging remark.

* * *

Says Mr. Grenville Kleiser: "Negatives are the weeds in the garden of language." That's just what we thought when we asked a chap to lend us a fiver last week.

* * *

Among the lengthy list of engagements set down for the Kaiser last week was "attending several banquets and proposing innumerable toasts." It suggests the lord of bottles rather than the lord of battles.

* * *

Paris has at last been distinguished for a Shavian blank duel. Two Poles shot at and sabred each other until the Parc des Princes became a shambles. They fought at close quarters—not wide as the Poles asunder, as is usual in these Parisian affairs.

A man in Belfast recently discovered a cure for hay-fever. He says that it is not to be sneezed at.

* * *

Kinema films of the French Parliament are to be taken. Consequently every motion will be negatived.

* * *

Peebles is thinking of changing its name to Tweeddale. But it still sounds fearfully Scotch, somehow.

* * *

Certain city stockbrokers are talking about another rise in rubber, but we are afraid that most of the bounce is out of the bawl.

* * *

"Hush! we're just married!" was discovered the other day on the back of a taxi containing a newly-wed couple. But why "hush"?

* * *

A fashion note informs us that "slashed bathing costumes may shortly be looked for on the beach!" Um—yes, and with the aid of binoculars.

* * *

"The Suffragettes," we read, "shouted wildly when they flung a hammer at Mr. Dickinson, the magistrate." Going it hammer and tongues.

* * *

A tramp recently informed the bench that he "hadn't done a stroke of work for fourteen years." Curiously enough, his labour began with ar-rest.

* * *

"What shall our children be?" asks the American Ambassador. Well, we have every intention of having ours boys and girls, but of course it's a matter of taste.

* * *

A new illustrated quarterly, edited by Mr. Wyndham Lewis apppeared last week. Its title is "Blast." The poisonous influence of the Shaw word is fast becoming apparent.

* * *

"I am not sure that, really, the most improper dress of all is not the type worn at the famous Paris ball of this week," says a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*. But what's the use of giving us the tip after the ball?

* * *

We have been reading in one of the papers about "a lady who, on locking her bedroom door in a strange house, heard a thin voice behind the bed-curtain say: 'Now we're shut in for the night.'" And then the curtain fell, we presume.

* * *

We read the other day in a sporting paper. "The owner strongly fancies the horse's chance, and if the jockey can keep his head in front all the way he might trouble some of the cracks." He might. It's a good way to go about winning a race, anyhow.

* * *

"Who can read without a pleasing emotion," asks the *Observer*, "the account of the garden party of the Bargemen's Brotherhood, one of the rules of which is against swearing?" We can. Indeed, we can, if we try hard, read the whole of the *Observer* without a pleasing emotion.

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "RIVER" NUMBER.

First Rag and Bone Merchant: "People don't seem to throw away as much food as they used to."
Second ditto: "You're right, mate. 'Ere 'ave I bin out all day and only picked up a couple of drowned kittens."

... mirror is one of the few things that a ... sn't hold up to ridicule.

*

... people never start to save up for a rainy ... when the clouds gathering.

*

... showing him a moneyed friend.

Old bachelors naturally know a lot about women, otherwise they wouldn't be old bachelors.

* * *

Sound judgment seldom makes the most noise.

* * *

A correspondent says that what makes life dreary is want of motive. And money.

IN STAGELAND.

Surely something could be done, by the exercise of a little care, to prevent the crowding into one evening of several important first nights. What a pity it is that Mr. Butt's "Merry-go-Round" at the Empire, "An Indian Summer" at the Prince of Wales, and "When Knights Were Bold" at the Apollo, should all choose the same evening to produce.

* * *

I chose the latter, which was a revival, and at its 1,760th performance Jimmy Welch and his happy cast worked like intellectual clockwork. The audience were in a mood of rippling good humour immediately following the rising of the curtain, and at the end of the first act there was such a demonstration that fully seven minutes must have elapsed before everyone had finished applauding the delicate refinement of a humorous act which, good as it was, is not the gem of the piece. The mediæval leg-pulling of the second and best act is one of the few things that deserve to live in the entertainment worlds of generations ahead.

* * *

Jimmy Welch's "Sir Guy" is still a masterpiece that will keep the Apollo going through these next few months, if there is a bit more sting put into the publicity arrangements, which do not seem at present adequate. Miss Isla Glynn made "Lady Rowena" a less unattractive prig than her fictionary ladyship deserved. Everything is delicately pretty, from the ladies of the cast to the mounting. I see that Miss Stephanie Bell, who supported almost the whole of the difficult weight of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" at the New last winter season, is taking a sort of "joy ride" in a small part which certainly gains considerable prominence by reason of this young actress's general charm.

* * *

There was a dinner held last week at the Connaught Rooms to celebrate the 500th performance of "The Great Adventure." A large number of distinguished people were present, including Mr. Asquith and Miss Elizabeth Asquith. Lord Howard de Walden is credited with being more interested than the majority in this wonderful success, which does not look like finishing for long enough yet.

* * *

Princess Bariatinsky (Mme. Lydia Yavorska) says that she does so wish people would now try to forget that the Scala was ever a kinematograph theatre. The new show, "La Dame aux Camelias," is Alexandre Dumas' best romance, as its foundation was his own love affair with Alphonsine Duplessis. Madame Yavorska informs me that this is the first time she has enacted the role in English, and that when she played the part before the author in Russia, he told her the true ungarnished story of the real love which inspired him to write "La Dame aux Camelias." I expect, though, that the Princess didn't get more of the truth than was good for her, even then.

* * *

Miss Fay Compton and Lauri de Frece are not getting married until October, and it was never their intention that the fact of their engagement should have become public for some weeks yet. However, nobody complains, and I think that little two-year-old Pelissier is fortunate in his new dad anyhow, and if he appreciates him half as much as do the public, it will be a very happy and interesting little ménage, uniting three famous histrionic families.

* * *

The lamented death of Miss Carlotta Addison will give us a few thoughtful moments at the Theatrical Garden Party on Tuesday 23rd, as this distinguished lady always worked in conjunction with Mrs. Gay at the stall which sells autographed photographs of celebrities.

* * *

The riot of happiness which this event ensures all round, given a fine day, will certainly not fall below the wonderful standard set in former years. Miss Evelyn D'Alroy is going to give us patches of the muddiest possible melodrama in ten-minute spasms. Cyril Maude must accept sole responsibility for the inception of these atrocities of the Botanical Gardens' Theatre Royal, but this year Gerald du Maurier is inciting sundry prominent members of the profession to similar misdeeds. In deference to the French influence, he calls them "Grand Giggles," but it is safe to assume that the Grand Guignol would not own such poisonously sleek heroes and attractively wicked villains as Miss D'Alroy plays with—for one day only!

W. R. C. R.

Romantic Maiden: "Oh tell me, Captain, when you were fighting for your country, were you cool in the hour of danger?"
The Captain: "Cool! Why I fairly shivered."

THE WAY OF A WOMAN.

The Honourable James Radford bowed low over his hostess's hand.

"Good evening, Lady Trebourne. How d'ye do, Trebourne? Splendid speech of yours to-day. By Jove! You did give it 'em hot," he said, and continued his way slowly up the wide, crowded staircase. "Hullo, Olivia! I say, this is jolly! Come away to a quiet corner with me, you've done enough duty'; these political shows are a beastly bore, especially for women. Let us dodge into this conservatory. Find it a bit dull, I expect, don't you?"

Olivia, the second of the three lovely daughters of the house, glanced up smilingly.

"Duty is usually dull, isn't it? But a necessary evil, at any rate occasionally." She sighed contentedly as she sank into the chair he pushed forward, and watched him in silence as he thoughtfully selected and lit a cigarette. The exquisitely mournful tones of "Le Baiser" floated faintly from the room beyond, and mingled with the plash, plash of the little fountain by which they were sitting. The Honourable James leaned back, lazily watching the blue, scented smoke from his cigarette curl upwards and lose itself amongst the palms overhead.

"There's something about you, Olivia, I can't quite define." He thought a moment. "You're not like most women, y'know."

"Indeed?" Olivia smiled at the young man swinging in his chair at her side. "In what particular way do I differ from the galaxy of fair women of your acquaintance?"

He considered a moment, and deftly tapped the ash from his cigarette as he replied:

"You're such a jolly good chap, y'know—most women aren't pals, you can't feel at your ease with them. Get an intellectual one, and she'll talk your head off on subjects you've never even heard of, and you 'pink fits'—or else, if you get a soft, mushy one, you're everlastingly kissin' and cuddlin'. Either way it's beastly tiring," he added relatively.

Olivia pouted.

"You're more candid than complimentary. All in one breath you accuse me of being [illegible] and farcical in fascination. You cruelly [illegible] mushy."

"Oh, I say, I didn't mean that, y'know—I meant not a beastly blue-stocking, or a little frilly thing like—like Mrs. Montague, for instance."

"Mr. Mrs. Montague—she is very fascinating, is she not?"

A more observant companion might have noticed the almost imperceptible change in her voice.

"She's a stunner!" declared the Honourable James, enthusiastically. "Absolute tip-topper, isn't she?"

"Yes," echoed Olivia, "a 'tip-topper,'" but her voice lacked much sincerity.

"Glorious hair, eh?"

She nodded.

"Shines like molten gold in the sunshine?"

"Ye—es."

"And eyes! Jove—blue as forget-me-nots, and as bright as the stars. What is it that old chap Tennyson—Tennyngamy—says about 'em; you know it, Olivia? I've heard you quote it. 'Forget-me-nots of the Angels,' eh?"

"'Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven
Blossom'd the lovely stars—the forget-me-nots of the Angels,'"

quoted Olivia. "I think that is it." And then: "You're in love, Jimmie. This I believe makes the four hundred and fifty-second time. It's always with 'love,' though—fortunately for you."

Jimmie looked up suddenly.

"D'ye know, I believe I am in love, Olivia—'pon my 'Sam' I do."

Olivia plucked an azalea blossom near her, and studied the heart of it intently.

"Olivia—I say, have you ever been in love?" She feigned inattention. "I will tell you my idea of it." He leaned back, watching her—and for the first time realised the dainty loveliness of her, the delicate tea-rose beauty of her complexion, the masses of softly curling brown hair. She raised her eyes to his enquiringly.

"Well?—tell me."

The subtle fragrance of the double English violets she was wearing seemed to go to his head—perhaps there was something, too, in the expression of the large hazel eyes and the dainty curves of the mouth so near to him. He thrilled as he leaned towards her.

"Listen, Olivia," he said softly, dropping his habitual slangy tone, "to be in love is a series of contradictions. One moment it is glorious madness, and you are up in the skies, and the next you come back to earth, desperately conscious of your own unworthiness. When you are near her, there's a beautiful feeling of security and peace, alternating with raging jealousy of every other man in the vicinity—all the time you're burning to find out if she cares a little and there's a chance for you; and yet you're in a 'blue funk' in case you're risking the loss of her friendship—I think all lovers ought to be good pals as well, don't you, Olivia?" She stirred uneasily.

"Don't *you*, Olivia?" His voice was infinitely tender. "Don't you?"

"I have never thought about it." She gazed intently at his shoulder and flicked an imaginary hair from his coat. "Have you noticed how loosely Mrs. Montague dresses her hair?" she said innocently.

The Honourable James coloured and seized her hand.

"You little cat! I don't believe there was a hair there. I haven't spoken to the woman yet to-night!"

"Haven't you?" She turned away, smiling. "Perhaps I was mistaken about that hair, it *looked* like one—but, of course I remember now, you had only just arrived when I saw you. I have taken up quite a lot of your time. Look! There's Mrs. Montague with Captain Trevor. You can catch them easily, if you try."

Silence.

"Jimmie! Don't sulk, Jimmie! You're not half so good-looking—or—so nice! Be nice, Jimmie," coaxingly, "you can be so charming when you like. Besides—I want to tell you what I think of your 'ideas on love.'"

"No, you don't. You're just making fun of me, it's rotten bad form to ram another woman down a chap's throat just because you don't want him yourself. I wouldn't have thought it of you, Olivia, hanged if I would!"

"Please forgive me, Jimmie. I—I'm frightfully interested really. Let me see—oh, yes—your ideas are so vivid that you most certainly must be *really* in love this time. Marry the fascinating little widow, my dear Jimmie! She would jump at you, and then you will be able to sit and 'rapturise' for hours upon her wonderful charms—the sun shining like molten gold upon her glorious hair."

The Honourable James eyed her doubtfully.

"And you can quote her that little bit about the 'forget-me-nots of the Angels.' I'll teach it to you," she added hysterically. "You will gaze into their starlike depths, and—"

"No, I'm d——d if I will. Don't talk rot, Olivia; besides, it's beastly mean of you to make fun of a chap, when you know he loves you. I can't *help* loving you!"

"Oh, Jimmie! Jimmie, can't you? Do you? I've been wanting you to for months." No one but a lover would have heard the last two whispered sentences.

He seized her roughly.

"Don't play with me, darling—is it true? Tell me, is it true?—do you really love me a little?"

"Ever such a lot," gasped Olivia. "Why, you dear, foolish goose, I've—Oh, Jimmie, dear, mind my lovely violets! Hush! Here's somebody—I can hear voices!"

"I don't care a hang," said the Honourable James.

Isobel and Noel Hinton.

Who is the young nut who is showing the lady novelist round town with the object of helping her to collect "copy" for a forthcoming novel, and why did he back so unceremoniously out of Scott's the other evening?

* * *

Dora: "Charlie has been calling on me for nearly three months now. Don't you think that it is time he proposed?"

Cora: "Oh, no; it was nearly six months before he proposed to me."

* * *

"I don't have to work for a living," said the shiftless individual.

"Of course you don't," rejoined the busy man. "If you did it's a safe bet that you wouldn't be living."

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WITH MOTOR-CYCLE &

For a long time manufacturers on this side water have been endeavouring to produce a cheap car, and at last one appears to have succeed What would even America say to a two-seater sixty-five pounds? Yet this is actually the that will purchase a cycle-car to seat two. specification is not at all bad. It is fitted w six horse-power, air-cooled twin cylinder engine, for another five pound note you can have water ing. That "fiver" would, by the bye, be v spent, for there's a big difference between an water when your engine is labouring up a long st incline. Personally I have not tested the new pr duction, but certainly it is typical of the mod tendency of British light car manufacturers.

Month after month they go on producing cheaper and cheaper until at last we shall perhaps be offered two-seaters at the price of motor-cycles. Certainly at least one firm specialises in transform ing a motor bicycle into a car. Whether this cutting of price is wise is, of course, a matter of opinion, but it is obvious that for every ten pounds knocked some part of the machine has got to suffer. Ordinarily British firms are not in the habit of selling cheaply. It is only when sorely pressed that they invade the realm of the cheap jack, and then they do so with a vengeance. They have come to believe that America is about to flood the market with cycle-cars, and they are accordingly anxious to strike the first blow.

America is synonymous with cheapness where cars are concerned, and the English firms have therefore set out to aim solely at cheapness, forgetting that the Yankees manage to combine with it quality. Out in the States they can sell cheaply owing to the tremendous number that they manufacture. Everything is standardised, and often every part is made under the same roof. Here production is small, and prices are dearer. Thus we cannot recommend low-priced cycle-cars as a class, although of course there are a few individual exceptions which have a trace of first-class workmanship.

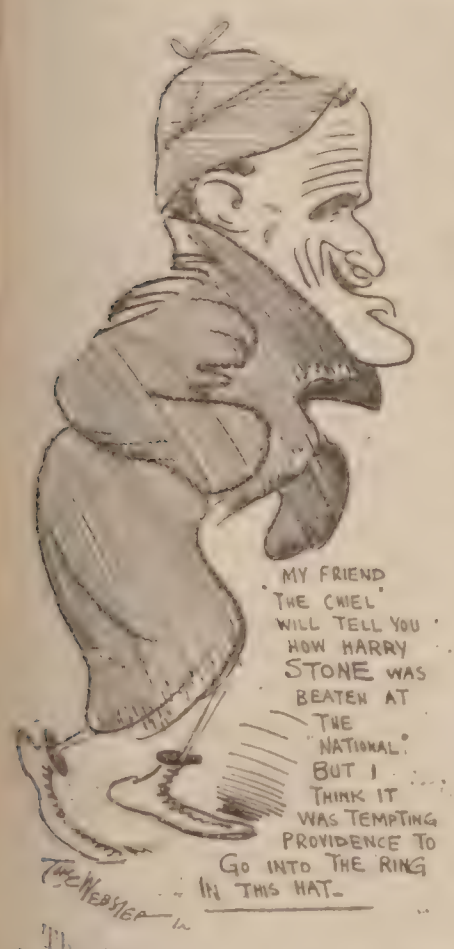
Many of the cheaper cycle-cars are, in fact, a constant source of expense, and have the shortest possible life. It would be far better for English firms to stop making these, and to devote their time to producing a really serviceable article which would sell at between £125 and £200. It is doubtful whether there is a real market for a cycle-car at £100 or under. Anyone with that amount of money to spend would be well advised to buy a side-by-side combination. This will go better, look smarter, cost less to maintain, and fetch a far higher price second-hand than a cheap cycle-car. When the American "hundred-pounder" does come, and come it will in a year's time—we can vanquish the invader not by underselling, but by contrasting it with our own immeasurably superior productions.

At present the market is undoubtedly flooded with cheap and nasty cars. Those who contemplate purchasing a cycle-car should carefully watch the results of trials and races. In themselves, these results are not conclusive, but they serve to show "how the wind blows." They should also have in mind what constitutes the "ideal," and note how many of its features are contained in the various models. Certainly the price should not in general exceed £150, although most people agree that the Singer is worth the two hundred pounds odd that it costs.

E. B. Ixer.

ENGLAND'S AMAZING POLO WIN.

How has it happened? It seems incredible that the team of polo players recruited with so much difficulty by Lord Wimborne should have gone to America and wrested the coveted Polo Cup from the Yankees, who had held it against a presumably far stronger side last year. Polo is a game of which the average man knows as much about as he does of taxidermy, yet the fact that it is an international battle with America arouses intense jubilation or despair as victory or defeat rewards our efforts.


MY FRIEND THE CHIEL WILL TELL YOU HOW HARRY STONE WAS BEATEN AT THE "NATIONAL." BUT I THINK IT WAS TEMPTING PROVIDENCE TO GO INTO THE RING IN THIS HAT.

England won the first two matches of the rubber, and so re-claimed the cup after five years, and there has been as much shouting and jubilation as if it had been a cricket test, or England had beaten the "All Blacks," or something that was really understood. As a matter of fact, we are daily growing more neurotic in our sports. We are forgetting that they are only games or pastimes, that the division of the earth does not depend upon them. It is the mafficking spirit which is coming over us.

The Westchester Cup, the emblem of polo international rivalry, was won by the Americans from England in 1909 at Hurlingham, and to secure possession of it again America will have to visit England and wrest it from us. That should be a big task seeing that polo is our own game, that we have the best ponies, and that our cavalry officers [illegible] make polo their one great game during [illegible]son. We did not expect to win this time. [illegible] difficulty was experienced in raising the team, [illegible] even at the last moment it was thought that [illegible] tour would fall through.

Then Captain Leslie Cheape stepped into the breach, and Lord Wimborne set sail with his daunt[illegible] [illegible]. But even then troubles followed them. [illegible] Cheape lost his sister in the wreck of the "Empress of Ireland," but after consultation with [illegible]s family he decided to play. Then he was severely injured on the face by a blow from a polo ball, and the first match was postponed for a day or two. But in the end we have won, and although few of us know anything about polo we are all very pleased with the four "Captains Courageous," Tomkinson, [illegible], Barrett, and Lockett.

[illegible] 30,000 people on the famous Meadowbrook ground. To get such a crowd as that in England the match would have to be played on the football ground at the Crystal Palace, or at Chelsea, or [illegible] other sports arena. Neither Hurlingham nor [illegible]gh could accommodate half the number. And [illegible] should have no "chairing" there, as we are told happened to the Englishmen at Meadowbrook. The dignified "well played" would have sufficed amid the decorous throng to applaud the victors of the most exciting match.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL WIN.

On Monday night England had yet another international victory: Jerry Delaney had beaten Harry Stone at the National Sporting Club, in what was regarded as a most important light-weight battle, second only in importance to that forthcoming contest between Freddy Welsh and Willie Ritchie. Harry Stone could not have been the boxer who had beaten the welter-weights Johnny Summers and Matt Wells in Australia. He showed no initiative, always boxed on the retreat, and although superlatively clever in many respects, particularly in defence, he made no serious attempt to win. As a matter of fact I don't think Harry quite estimated the strength of his opponent until he faced him in the ring.

I had had a chat with him the week before at the National, and he told me he was keeping fit and well, but he did not seem to appreciate the fact that he was up against a boy who is certainly the second best light-weight in England, and one who had cleared up all the other boxers. He seemed quite indifferent when I told him he would have to be at his best and strongest, and told me a story of a telegram from Freddy Welsh, to the effect that Freddy would meet all the other boxers but Stone, and he interminably sucked at his big cigar. Can it be that Stone's training on green cigars has at last told its inevitable tale? He certainly did not look like a champion in this match, and Summers and Wells must have marvelled at his ineptitude. I was near Welsh and could not help noticing the enigmatic smile which told me nothing. Jim Driscoll, who was in Delaney's corner, was plainly amazed; Jim is no actor who can hide his feelings, and that he could not understand what was the matter with the Yankee was obvious. Is there more in it than meets the eye, and is Stone after a contest with Welsh, and was he reluctant to show his hand? He got very little punishment, for his defence was too clever for Delaney, who could not often hit him.

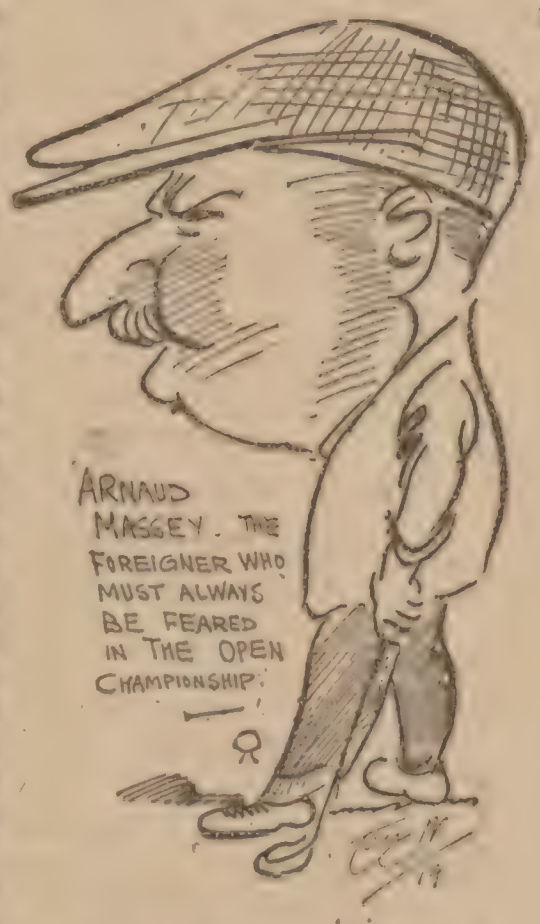
International boxing seems all the rage now. Carpentier (France) v. Gunboat Smith (America), Welsh (Wales) v. Ritchie (America), Bell (Australia) v. Wells (England) are the three big matches of the moment, and two are for world's championships, and the other for the British Empire championship. The "Mother Country" doesn't shine when you weigh up these na-

THE CHIEL

GOLF.

I cannot write much about the championship this week because it takes place after these lines are penned, but it is a matter of gossip that it may be Arnaud Massy's last championship as a pro. The famous Frenchman has made a comfortable fortune, and it is said that he contemplates retirement in order to enjoy the game he has done so much to foster in his beloved France. Massy is as a golfer a product of North Berwick, and he is one of the five men in the last twenty years who have snatched isolated victories from the illustrious triumvirate of Vardon, Braid, and Taylor.

Vardon was the favourite for the present meeting, and it was said that his play in practice was reminiscent of his best work of fifteen years ago. Taylor was great pals with his mashie again, and Braid, taciturn as ever, was playing steadier and more consistent golf than he had done for years.



How Ouimet will shape, or rather has shaped is, of course, a matter of confidence, but those who have seen him at practice at Prestwick all agree that it is a very different Ouimet from the one who played so woodenly in the amateur event, and they can now understand how he triumphed in the States over Vardon, Ray, and Reid. He was playing with the utmost steadiness, his driving and putting particularly being magnificent. With Harold Hilton off his game it was feared that Ouimet would be the leading amateur, although it was not anticipated that he would actually repeat his triumph in the American Open last fall.

Miss Cecil Leitch is the lady player of the year, and it is to be hoped that she will be able to visit America this fall, and play in the American and Canadian championships, at present held by two Englishwomen, Miss Muriel Dodd and Miss Gladys Ravenscroft. Following her triumph in the open Miss Leitch has annexed the English Ladies' (Closed) championship, and also that of France. It is not a little curious that her opponent in both the last-named events should have been Miss G. Bastin, of Woodcote Park, a pretty little lady not half the size of her great rival, but a player of infinite skill who will have her innings one day. Another coincidence is that both matches were won by Miss Leitch by 2 up and 1 to play.

The forthcoming match at Stoke Poges between teams of women and men golfers, in which the men are to concede a half, recalls the world-famous match between Miss C. Leitch and Harold Hilton, which was played under these terms, and that Miss Leitch after being behind until just on the end of the match won a most exciting contest by a very narrow margin. That was perhaps the most wonderful feat of Miss Leitch's career as a golfer, and who would like to lay odds on Harold Hilton beating her now at a half?

Niblick.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

Answers to Correspondents are held over till next week.

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FINANCE & ASSURANCE.

While the more promising outlook in connection with the Ulster squabble and the political position in Paris, as a result of the new Cabinet's initial success, have been helpful factors, the stock markets do not show any particular improvement. This prolonged absence of business is causing bitter complaints among the impecunious brokers and jobbers, who are tired of waiting for the "boom" that never comes. As a result of the improvement above noted, Consols have displayed considerable strength followed by most other gilt-edged securities. Home Rails have been a cheerful market, and could justify substantial advances, on merits, but the formidable labour demands under discussion at Swansea have effectually prevented any sustained buoyancy. There has been very little doing in Americans, the news concerning the Mexican negotiations not being very reassuring. Mines have brightened up, but the Copper and Oil markets have been neglected and prices have dropped. So far, there is no indication that the public are likely to interest themselves in market movements, so that "dog is eating dog," or in other words, the little business done is mainly between professional operators.

* * *

"Synthetic rubber" is still a subject of market gossip, and there is at least one big firm of rubber manufacturers that believes sufficiently in its prospects to put up money, build a factory, and start business. But this firm has still a big contract to fulfil before any conspicuous success can be achieved.

* * *

The greatest Stock Exchange authority on rubber recently said to us: "Artificial would have to be produced at about 6d. per lb. before it could compete with plantation rubber. Nature works cheaper and better than the finest chemists! The great commercial value of plantation rubber is its durability. If synthetic rubber is produced, only time can demonstrate its durability and other essential qualities. Without tests, friction, etc., [illegible] be satisfactory from a theoretical standpoint, they do not constitute practical tests. To ensure the latter two years' careful experiments would be necessary. It is quite possible that a synthetic rubber could be produced, but more as a scientific curiosity than as a practical commercial [illegible]."

* * *

London journalism is now in a very effervescent state. *The Globe* has once more changed hands. *The World* has recently made a new departure. Is it correct that *Truth* is now in the market? There has been an "official" contradiction of this rumour, but we all know how frequently an official contradiction is ultimately nullified by further developments. Perhaps Mr. Hart Davis, the chairman of *Truth* Company, may be able to throw some light on the subject.

* * *

Those responsible for the financial development of the Channel Tunnel Scheme are far more active than they have been for several years past, as a result of what may be regarded as the more favourable general outlook. About the end of June Sir Herbert Raphael, M.P., will entertain the Presidents of the Chambers of Commerce at a dinner at the House of Commons, when the influence of the Channel Tunnel on commerce will be discussed from the point of experts.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

At present quotations the following securities yield a full 4 per cent.:—

	Price.	Yield Per Cent. £ s. d.
New Zealand Loan, 1963... ...	98-100	4 0 0
Mauritius Loan, 1937	100	4 0 0
Ceylon Loan, 1934	100	4 0 0
Tasmanian Loan, 1920-40	99-101	4 0 0

* * *

Only the fortunate minority can afford to sink a lump sum in an annuity, but even those who possess no capital can, by a little self-denial and determination, prepare for themselves a comfortable future, by the acquisition of a deferred annuity—a very profitable system of saving. These annuities are quite as attractive for women as for men, and a small army of nurses, housekeepers, secretaries, and other business women are paying a periodical sum in order to safeguard themselves against the disaster of reaching the limit of their working life without a small income to fall back upon. Those who do not take this wise precaution can scarcely escape suffering many privations and considerable personal humiliation. For poverty is still a crime which brings its own punishment! For the benefits resulting from a deferred annuity no medical examination is needed, and the formalities are very simple.

* * *

Nothing promotes peace of mind and a cheerful spirit like the knowledge that one is "safe for life" so far as an adequate income is concerned, and those who start early and keep up their payments, which are very moderate, considering the substantial benefits in prospect, are preparing for themselves a very happy time from the moment they are released from the strain of their work. These deferred annuities merit serious consideration by all those whose position compels them to provide their own old-age pension.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Replies are sent by post to readers enclosing stamped addressed envelope.]

"C. L." (Durham).—Chartered appear cheap, but we do not advise speculating in them at present moment.

"X.Y.Z." (Lincoln).—Canadian Land shares you mention not recommended. Market tricky and often dangerous.

"Kyp" (Glasgow).—Considering position should sell out of oil shares you mention. Impossible state present position as regards the cash deposited with other company.

"Income" (Brighton).—If you have £800 to invest to produce an income an annuity would yield you nearly twice as much as ordinary securities. Send us full details, and we will quote exact amount of annuity.

"Copra" (Liskeard).—Shares in sound coconut-growing companies should prove an excellent investment, owing to immense demand for copra and other products of coconut.

"Prudential" (Yeovil).—A Whole Life policy without profits should suit you owing to the low premiums. You can always increase the amount should your circumstances improve.

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Gas-Power Engineer .....
Linguist .....
Marine Engineer .....
Mechanical Engineer .....
Mine Foreman.....
Mine Manager .....
Motor Engineer .....
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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Royal Ascot was in every way a tremendous success last week. The racing in fact could scarcely have been improved upon, and the fields that contested the big handicaps were far larger than usual. Glorious sunshine caused the splendour of the gathering to be apparent at all points, and to the "regulars" the sport at other venues during the next week or so will certainly seem rather flat.

The results of both the Royal Hunt Cup and the Ascot Stakes came as great surprises to the majority of people. It was fifteen years since a three-year-old had won the Hunt Cup, Refractor taking the spoils in 1899, and Lie-a-Bed had done little in public to cause one to think he would score. Still, Mr. J. East's colt, who was carrying the light burthen of 6 stone, the bottom weight, was well backed in certain quarters. Broadwood, like Lie-a-Bed, was also lightly weighted, Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's horse carrying 6st. 2lbs., and when he won after a very exciting finish it made one think that had Asparagus not earned a 7lbs. penalty for winning a minor race at Newbury recently he would have won instead of being beaten by a neck.

Neither Broadwood nor Asparagus had a quotation in the betting on the Stakes, and there is no wonder that bookmakers look upon Ascot as certain to increase their funds, as many of the other races, as usual, fell to rank outsiders. Ascot, indeed, must be a gold mine for some of the layers, for hundreds of people with plenty of money who go to the meeting for the social side, who never bet from one year's end to another, always have a flutter then. And we know what this means.

Four meetings are down for decision during the coming week, Newcastle occupying Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, with Brighton clashing on Tuesday and Wednesday, Folkestone Thursday and Friday, and Sandown Park Saturday. The North Derby forms the principal attraction on the opening day at Newcastle, and this event should be won by Hapsburg. Harebell may score in the St. Oswald Plate, and Poet's Licence in the Stewards' Plate. The Northumberland Plate, the "Pitmen's Derby" comes up for decision on Wednesday. The result of the Ascot Stakes throws some light on this affair, which should fall to

THE GULLER.

Both Augur and Warlingham should also run prominently. Dan Rodney appears likely to score in the Monkchester Stakes on the same day, as also does King Phillip in the Gateshead Selling Handicap. Simon the Jester may take the Newcastle Handicap on the concluding day, and The Boss the Gosforth Park Cup.

At Brighton on Tuesday Tres Pinos looks the best thing of the day in the Portslade Plate, and Kodak should win the Southdown Plate. The Patcham Plate on the second day may be won by Courteous Lad, and the Egremont Plate by Kheri.

Kinsella may secure the Maidstone Welter at Folkestone on Thursday, and Tears and Smile the Chatham Handicap. Ben Wyvis could win the Folkestone Handicap on Friday, and Cataline the Dover Handicap.

On Saturday at Sandown Park likely winners are Panasine in the Willington Handicap, and Shelswell in the Corinthian Welter.

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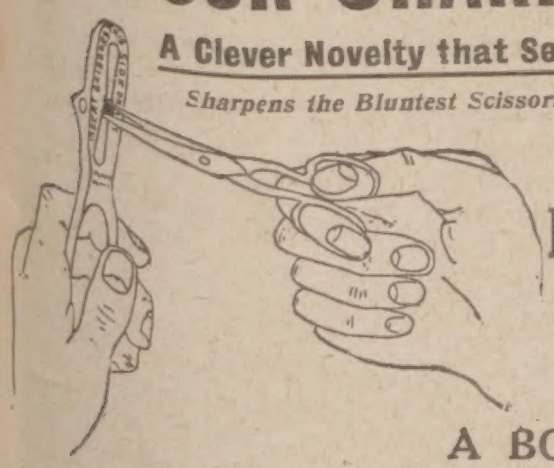

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Begin as in Position 1, press blades lightly together and slide through until Position 2 is reached. Repeat this operation a few times. Press lightly to finish.

Before using Scissors open and shut them a few times.

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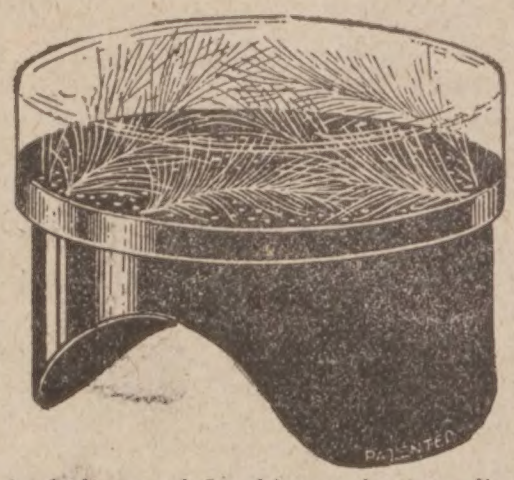

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OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Miss Caustic: "Your friend, Jones, brags that he is a self-made man. You never hear a self-made woman boasting about it."

Mr. Critic: "No. They like everyone to think it is natural."

* * *

Wigwag: "Why do you insist on carrying your shirt home from the laundry instead of having it sent?"

Hardhuppe: "So that people will know that I have two."

* * *

The Lady: "We are designating the members of our social club by a pretty floral name. 'The Daisies' is what we have decided to call ourselves."

Mere Man: "Most inappropriate, dear. Daisies shut up at sunset!"

* * *

Mike: "Yes, me rich Uncle Terry died and left me all av his money."

Pat: "An' did you get it?"

Mike: "Oi did not; after his death they found he was a pauper, an' I didn't get a pinny av his fortune."

* * *

A minister opened his Sunday School with the well-known hymn: "Little drops of water, little grains of sand."

In the middle of the first verse he stopped the singing, and complained strongly of the half-hearted manner in which it was sung.

He made a fresh start.

"Now then," he shouted, "Little drops of water! and, for goodness sake, put some spirit into it."

"If I were you, sir, I should have my head done by a manicurist rather than a hairdresser."
—"Journal Amusant."

Mr. Stammerton: "Oh! Vera!—er—that is. M—Miss Sere, I—er—lul—lul—lul——"

Miss Sere (coyly): "Yes, Mr. Stammerton, say don't be afraid."

Mr. Stammerton: "I'm afraid it's g—g—going to—t—t—t—take me so lul—long to say it you'd bub—better remark. 'This is so sudden now."

* * *

HOPE OF THE FAMILY.

"I suppose," said the friend of the family, "your will go into business, and live up to your father's reputation?" "Not, me," replied the son of the multi-millionaire beef-packer. "I shall go into society and try to live it down."

* * *

He "Don't tell anybody we're engaged."

She: "Certainly not. I'm just as much ashamed as you are."

* * *

Scene laid in Regent Street: "Daddy, what's that?"

"A lady, my child."

"Why"?

* * *

PROBABLY.

Miss Paul: "Her voice was strained."

Miss Pry: "Was she talking through her veil?"—*Judge.*

* * *

ADMITTED.

"How about Jones, who didn't have money to get a season ticket? How did he get in?"

"Oh, there was a banana peel at the gateway, and he went in on his face."
—*Penn State Froth.*

* * *

THE LAST STRAW.

Wayward Traveller: "Pardon, but what do you have your mattresses stuffed with?"

Tavern-keeper: "With the best straw in the hull country, b'gosh!"

Wayward Traveller: "Now, that counts for it! I know where the straw came from that broke the camel's back!"—*Judge.*

The Greek: "In excavations at Athens they have found some iron wire, which proves that our ancestors knew telegraphy."
The Jew: "Yes, but at Jerusalem they made excavations and found nothing."
The Greek: "Well, what does that prove?"
The Jew: "That my Jewish ancestors knew wireless telegraphy!" —"Le Rire.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

It is surprising how many queries I receive on the subject of the etiquette of clothes. Week after week people write and ask what they ought to wear at their sister's wedding, or at the annual dinner of their local political club. Certainly etiquette is always a perplexing question, especially as in some cases it changes from one year to another. The particular kind of garment which was quite "the thing" in King Edward's day may now be entirely forgotten." We grow more and more democratic as the years roll on, and there is an increasing tendency to abolish stupid restrictions, which are but the relics of a bygone era, in men's apparel.

* * *

Take for example the sad fate of the frock coat. Fifteen years ago this ugly garment was absolutely indispensable. Wherever you went in decent society you were surrounded by myriads of the garments which have now become the hall mark of the shopwalker. Even the latter appears, by the bye, to be chafing against the clothing customs of his ilk, and at many of the big stores is dressed like an up-to-date being—for which he must surely be profoundly thankful. But to return to my story. Even ten years ago nobody dare drive the frock coat from his wardrobe. Now probably not one man in twenty possesses one at all. The morning coat has ousted it from its former pride of place.

* * *

But some one is evidently endeavouring to revive the past glories of the frowsy garment. When the Prince of Wales went to Kennington the other day he was wearing a frock coat. Nothing could have suited him worse, for to make such an affair even "passable" it needs a particularly well-built man. I don't know who dictates Royal fashions, but the sooner the Prince abandons "frocks" the better. He can rest assured that the twentieth century world will never approve his taste.

* * *

So nowadays it is *not* correct etiquette to appear in a frock coat. At weddings and similar occasions a morning coat with one button should be worn. With it you must adopt a light waistcoat and trousers with a rather pronounced stripe. A shining top-hat, lavender gloves, butterfly collar and bow to complete the effect. If you have the misfortune to be the bridegroom remember that your suit must be brand new. Another important point is to wear a buttonhole. Everyone at a wedding should—whatever his feelings—endeavour to look sufficiently cheerful to counteract the effect of the melancholy occasion. And after champagne there's nothing like a buttonhole. As a matter of fact, however, everyone is wearing a buttonhole nowadays. They have returned to favour with a vengeance! This is supposed to be a simple age and orchids are therefore barred. During the day time there is nothing to beat a choice gardenia bloom, but at night a white carnation is perhaps more suitable. The latter is the special favourite of King George.

* * *

As for dress at a theatre there is no doubt that the former hard and fast rule has been considerably modified of late. There are very few London theatres and no music-halls where lounge suits are not seen in the stalls. This has largely been brought about by the Americans, who will not be bothered to dress. For all that it is very distinctly bad form to appear in the stalls of a "legitimate" house in anything less than a dinner jacket. When accompanied by womenfolk full dress is "de rigueur." After "resting" for a long time the opera hat is slowly returning to favour. It is now made in much smarter shapes than was formerly the case. When choosing headwear of this description it is as well to pay a fair price. The cheap variety is often fitted with springs of poor quality which rapidly lose their strength.

* * *

Dinner jackets are not at present so fashionable as they were. When, three years ago, they began to boom everyone welcomed them. They are far more comfortable than tail coats, have plenty of pocket-room, and wear better. Eighteen months ago they were being worn for every kind of function, but now they have been relegated to their proper positions. They are still correct for bachelor dinner parties, for single men at theatres, and at hotels in the evening when unaccompanied by a lady. Otherwise they should be left at home. Coloured dress waistcoats are quite outré. They may look very well on the stage, but are entirely out of place in the drawing-room or at a public dinner.

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